

All You Have to Do Is Ask

August 2021

"Well, look who finally turned up! Long time, no see, hey? Come on in!"

I stepped timidly across the threshold behind Brianna, smiling awkwardly as our friend Nina effusively welcomed us in to the darkened entryway. "Party's in the kitchen," Nina went on, waving a vague and tattoo-covered arm in that general direction as she took first my partner's coat and then mine. "Go on, say hey to everyone! And grab a beer or two while you're there – we've got way too much!"

Okay, okay. No big deal. Everyone's friends here. They're all kinky too. No need to panic... I trailed behind my partner, grateful for the squeeze of confidence she gave me before releasing my hand. Parties were tough for an introvert like me at any time – but this evening, I had a special little challenge tucked away beneath my skirt. A special little secret just for me and Brianna to know and smile over...

Or at least, that's the way I was hoping to keep it.

Her voice from earlier today still purred in my memory, setting my cheeks pink with embarrassment at the mere recollection. "Now, then, whatever am I going to do with my sweet, leaky little babydoll?" I'd known where she was going with it, and she'd known that I'd known – but all the same, I still couldn't help but whine a little protest as she'd reached for our special lower drawer filled with my stash of babyish gear. "But- but I don't want anyone to see!"

"Oh, you don't want them to see what a sweet little pampers-butt you still are, hmm?" my partner had teased, holding aloft one of the cotton-candy pink MegaMaxes that we generally saved for my longest and wettest diaper sessions. "But *this* one would keep you nice and dry all night long, for sure!" "No, no, not that one!" I'd whimpered with wide eyes, shaking my head frantically from my position on our creaking bed. "Please, something nice and thin. Something no one will see..."

"You do know that everyone there tonight is kinky as fuck, right?" Brianna had queried matter-of-factly, grudgingly tucking the MegaMax away and producing instead one of the Super Dry Kids that I loved so much. "Joey and Nina are – well, you know. She makes no secret of the D/s stuff they enjoy. And Art and Connor have already talked openly about their fursonas, remember?"

She'd smiled as she'd begun slipping the fresh diaper under my bare and sensitive ass. "But you know: have it your way, babe! Nice and thin and discreet, just like you want. All I ask is one thing, okay?" I'd nodded silently as she drew the twin tapes closed around my waist. "If at any time you think you're gonna leak, honey – or if you really want a change – you're gonna have to ask me. Out loud. Right in front of everyone..."

Right in front of everyone. I winced internally now at the thought, then stuffed it hurriedly away in the back of my mind. *No need to worry. I'll just watch what I drink tonight – make sure I don't have too much. I know how much an SDK can handle, after all! It'll be fine. I'll be fine.*

"Hey, how ya doing?!" "Great to see you!" "Ooh, loving the new hair color, girl!" "Want one, Wendy? You gotta try these. They've got some awesome choices here..."

As the talk swirled and the laughter ebbed and flowed, within a matter of minutes I found myself with a drink in hand and smilingly comparing sips with Art. Oh, Art – a dumpy, good-natured fellow whose knowledge of the local craft beer scene was only exceeded by his enthusiasm for tasting each and every variety, preferably while playing endless rounds of Cards against Humanity. Art, whose feelings I couldn't find it in me to hurt by refusing any of the bottles he urged me to try.

After all, just a sip of each wouldn't hurt. Surely not.

And then I felt Brianna's hand close on my shoulder. "What exactly are you doing with all those bottles, babe?" "I- I'm just tasting," I stammered, trying not to sound like a little kid caught with her hand in the cookie jar. "We're just trying some of these new labels-"

"Just tasting? You're not going to leave the rest of the bottle unfinished." It was not a question. "Don't be wasting someone else's beer, honey. Those need to be empty before we leave, got it?"

"Yes, ma'am," I murmured meekly, the usual swirl of delightful, subby pleasure at being commanded heightened by the consciousness of Art's eyes on me. I flushed as I met his curious gaze, then looked away and took a guilty sip. "I- I guess I'd better finish what I start," I said lamely, at which he shrugged and gazed after Brianna's departing figure. "Oh, yeah. Guess so," was all he offered, clearly too polite to inquire further into what he'd just witnessed.

Well, whatever. Art could think what he wanted, I supposed. I had a job before me – and one that was probably not going to end well for my poor SDK...

It was less than an hour in when I finally gave in to my swollen bladder and let the first warm flood rush out into my pants. Of course I knew intellectually that no one would notice – but still, I couldn't escape the heady, humiliated rush of guilty pleasure that shot through me as I felt the warmth spreading inexorably up and around my padded posterior. *I'm such a wet little girl- such a naughty girl making oopsies in her pants. Everyone else here gets to wear big person pants – but not me. Nope, I'm just a soggy-bummed little thing, having accidents in her pants wherever she goes...*

Dammit. Why did diapers always have to turn me on so incredibly much – even here, of all places?

But more serious problems lay in store for me, I knew well. Art and I had begun six whole bottles, after all, and thus far I'd managed to down only four. So as I lifted the fifth to my lips with a slightly tipsy shiver, I sighed internally. Maybe we'd leave before it all made its way through me. Maybe.

But parties have a way of dragging on, as we all know. Over two hours in, I'd finally finished all six bottles of beer. Yet there was no sign of wrapping things up anytime soon; Connor and Joey were deep in discussion of the intricacies of some Settlers of Catan expansion pack, while Brianna and Nina were eagerly comparing tattoo designs. Art was flopped down on the sofa scrolling through his phone, but I dared not sit beside him to make small talk – not with the warm, wet bulk of my poor SDK beneath me. I needed to remain standing if I didn't want those incriminating wet patches to appear on my skirt...

Why, oh why hadn't I taken Brianna's advice and come in a MegaMax?!

And still my bladder swelled and filled, sending shivers through me as I twisted surreptitiously against the wall and tried my best to hold it in. *I'm a big girl. I am. I can hold it. I'll just have to wait and get a change at home. Can't let anyone know-*

But I've never been the best at holding my bladder under ordinary circumstances, let alone after six whole beers. And so, as yet another spurt of urine escaped me, and as I felt the first few dribbles down my left thigh, I knew I no longer had a choice.

"Brianna," I murmured now, gazing fixedly at the ground and trying not to let my rising panic show. "Please, I- I need you-" She turned from Nina, smile still on her face, and cocked her head in amusement. "Hmm? What is it, babe? We can't hear you!" *Fuck- she's really sticking to it-* "Brianna, I need you- I need you to help me," I blurted, face hot with growing mortification. "I- You know-"

"Hmm? I'm afraid I don't, baby," she replied, rather unnecessarily loudly. "Come on, honey. Tell me what you need." She winked at Nina with a smile. "I swear, she's just so hard to figure out sometimes! Can you figure out what she wants, Nina?"

Oh, shit. She was playing with me- embarrassing me- forcing me to say it out loud, just like she'd warned me-

And yet I knew that the longer I dilly-dallied, not only would I run a greater risk of genuinely pissing myself and leaking everywhere, but I'd also run the risk of the others hearing me, too. So, with cheeks aflame, as the world veered crazily around me and my heart pounded its way out through my chest, I said the incriminating words.

"Please, I- I need a change. Can you change me, Brianna?"

"Change you?" she repeated, giggling softly as she patted my head and flashed another smile at the open-mouthed Nina. "Oh, honey, can you be more precise? What needs changing, baby?" I was trembling, shivering with the humiliation of it all... and yet, even amidst it all, I later had to admit that not once did I think of safewording.

"My- my diaper," I muttered at last, squirming in painful desperation as the D-word finally left my mouth. "Please, I need my diaper changed..." "Your *diaper*? Oh, of *course*!" And Brianna, giggling once more, flashed an exasperated look at Nina, even as she slipped her hand under my skirt and felt with practiced fingers the wet bulk around me. "Goodness, honey, you're soaked! Excuse me, Nina. You wouldn't happen to have a bedroom where I can change my wet little girl, would you?"

And so, as Nina led us with mirthful eyes to a back bedroom, and as my partner produced that pink MegaMax from her large purse, I felt a wave of groveling arousal and shame unlike anything I'd ever felt before sweep over me. Here I was, getting changed in the back room of someone else's house, just like a literal toddler. And Nina knew- she saw me- she heard me begging for a change...

"Well, I bet you wish now you'd agreed to wear what I first suggested, huh?" Brianna grinned as she pushed my squirming self onto the bed and opened the MegaMax with a flourish. "Though I'm proud you got me before you leaked everywhere!"

"After all," she smirked gently, pulling my fresh, bulky badge of babyhood tight around me. "It seems that in my rush, I forgot to bring along a change of clothes. So if you'd leaked all over your skirt, I suppose we just would have had to send you back out there without it! Wouldn't that have

been so *embarrassing*, having people see you diapered like a soggy little *baby*?

To which I could only give a tiny whimper of desperate humiliation... even as the floodgates opened once more and my fresh diaper warmed and swelled beneath me. Indeed. Just like a soggy little baby.